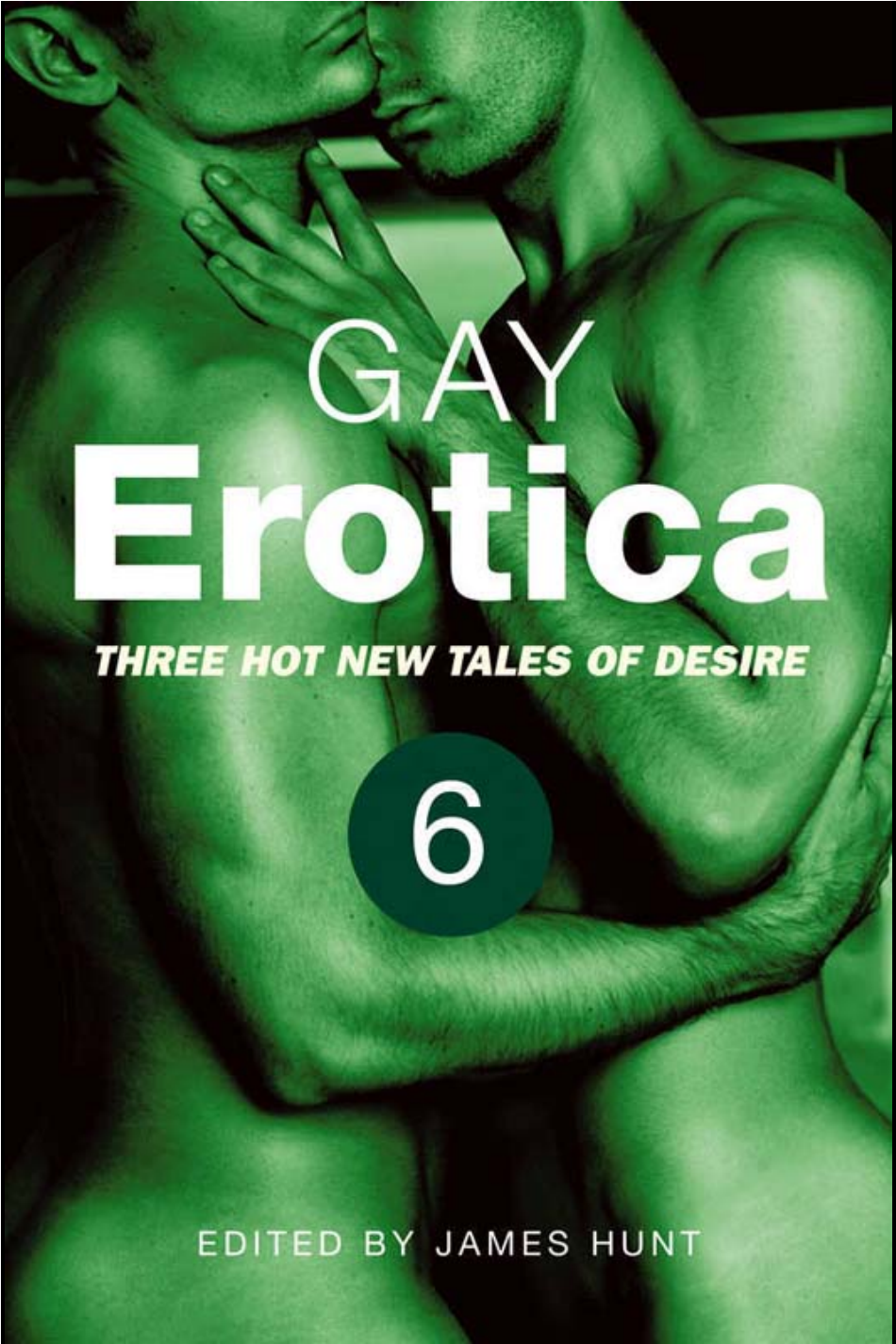




# GAY **Erotica**

***THREE HOT NEW TALES OF DESIRE***

**6**

EDITED BY JAMES HUNT

# Gay EROTICA

Volume 6

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Volume 6

Edited by  
James Hunt



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# WEBCAM WILLY

*G. R. Richards*

“Hey, man.” The dude onscreen flicked his head back, the way you would if you were trying to get another guy’s attention across a noisy bar. “You work out?”

“Only if you count walking from here to the fridge as running laps.”

Willy knew when these webcam guys were just making pointless conversation, grooming him, gearing up to get naked. Even so, he’d wanted this random dude, screen name BigStudly1 (even though he wasn’t terribly big or remarkably studly), to hear that he had a sense of humor. BigStudly1 meant nothing to him, but Willy still wanted the guy to understand that he was a person, he had a personality. Webcam Willy was a funny-ass dude, and he wanted the men out there to remember him for his comedic side.

“Hey, do you know the speed limit of sex?” Willy kept talking even as the guy onscreen slipped out of his jeans. He hadn’t been wearing a shirt to begin with, and his abs were pretty hot, his nipples pink and pointy. Now he had nothing on but tight blue underpants. BigStudly1 rubbed the bulge with his whole hand as Willy gulped and finished his joke. “Speed limit’s 68, right? Because at 69 you have to turn around. Get it? Turn around?”

“Uh-huh.” Studly tossed his head a little to the side. His words all sounded like little moans to Willy. “Hey, here’s an idea: how’s about you take off your clothes while you’re telling me knock-knock jokes?”

Sheepishly, Willy grinned. It was nice to know someone, even a stranger, wanted to see his skinny body naked. Tearing his T-shirt over his head, he said, “Actually, that wasn’t a knock-knock joke. Knock-knock jokes are the ones like: Knock knock. Who’s there? A panda. A panda who?”

“Yeah.” The guy made a face as he rubbed his cock, like he was full of pleasure and ready to burst. “That’s great, man. Want to take off your pants now?”

Willy knew he was easily distracted, didn’t have the greatest attention span in the world, but he really should have been paying more attention to this nearly naked guy rubbing his bulge. “Sorry. Yeah.”

He stood up from his wheelee office chair and pushed his track pants down to the floor. The inside of the material was so downy that he didn’t like to wear anything underneath. He was a little embarrassed that he was still soft when this dude was getting a live feed of his naked dick, but after a long day of lectures and labs, it always took him a while to refocus his energies from school to sex.

“You going to get that dick all good and hard for me?” BigStudly1 asked. His tone

was gritty, rough, and Willy felt somewhat glad they weren't in the same room together. Who knew what that dude was capable of? Willy had always been a little bit afraid of strangers. But Willy loved the taste of fear. Maybe that's why he so enjoyed jerking off via webcam with guys he didn't know.

"Yeah, sure," Willy said, hoping he could manage it. He didn't sit back down in his chair. His webcam was now picking up only his scrawny twink chest, his starving student belly, and his long flaccid dick. Suddenly, he didn't want BigStudly1 to see any more of him than that. He wanted to be an anonymous torso instead of a funny guy.

Cupping a hand around his balls, he slipped his fingers along his lazy shaft, encircled the ridge around the tip, teasing there. Sometimes Willy felt like his dick belonged to someone else, like it wasn't really a part of him and it didn't represent who he was in any way. Why should one organ determine his life's desires or activities? Wasn't it enough just to work hard at school and get good grades to earn a degree? Something inside him nagged, *No, you need more*, but his body wouldn't always co-operate. Maybe this wasn't the right kind of "more".

"Yeah, that's right," Studly said, pulling his dick out the top of his tight blue underwear, then scooping his nuts out, too. "Yeah, make it big like mine. Make it hard like mine. That's right."

A surge of energy shot through Willy's core, sparking something, like a bolt of lightning. He wasn't sure if his excitement was in reaction to Studly's words or the sight of that good-sized dick and those shaved balls. Not that it mattered what the cause was. When he felt that strange sensation below the belt, he smiled.

God, look at those hard nuts! Willy's balls were big and bouncy, fun to play with, but he felt a secret urge to reach through his computer screen and touch Studly's. They seemed to clench every time the guy tugged on his dick, so smooth and tight. Wow . . . what would they feel like in hand?

Studly encouraged Willy as they stroked their shafts in time with one another. "Yeah, touch your pecker, man. Touch it for me."

That gravel voice made Willy a little weak in the knees, but he wouldn't let himself sit back in his chair. His thighs strained, and he stared at his computer screen, wishing the other guy had a faster feed. He could see that Studly was jerking off, but the movement of his hand on his dick wasn't much more than a blur.

"Keep talking," Willy pleaded. "Tell me what to do."

"Stroke it," the guy replied without missing a beat. "Tug it. Hard. Is it getting big?"

"Yeah."

"Is it getting huge?"

"Yeah." Willy pulled on his dick, reveling in his own erection. The hardness of his shaft was such a beautiful complement to the softness of his skin, and his hand loved touching it. Willy loved playing with his body. Other guys liked to play rugby or soccer or Ultimate Frisbee, but Willy's favorite piece of sports equipment was his dick.

"Lick your finger," Studly instructed. He was working his cock like crazy, though Willy caught only staggered glimpses of it thanks to the crappy web streaming. Willy licked his finger. "Then stick it up your ass."

Willy nearly fell over when he heard those words. "God, yes!" He reached back,

circling his wet fingertip around that puckered hole, still tugging hard on his dick. His ass was damn hungry, and shoving stuff in the back door was probably Willy's second-favorite pastime. There was nothing better than jerking off in front of some dude, and forcing all sorts of toys up his butt.

"How's that?" Studly asked. God, his gritty growls were really starting to turn Willy on. "That good?"

"Yeah," Willy groaned. His asshole was like a little mouth, sucking his finger in. That ring of ass muscle was damn tight, and it was hotter than hell inside, but he pushed through, kept with it until his entire index finger was buried to the hilt. Oooh, that felt good. Every time he jerked on his cock, his ass ring would tighten around his finger, and that added sensation boosted Willy to new heights of pleasure. He petted his insides, finding his P-spot and concentrating on it while he toyed with his hard dick. When he was a little younger that would have made him come for sure. Now he just held that sensation, savoring it, hoping his knees wouldn't buckle and send him plummeting to the floor.

The guy onscreen seemed to have slowed down now. He seemed to be watching more, and just casually stroking his dick with one big hand, squeezing his tight little nuts with the other. His cockhead was engorged and red, just like Willy's. Just the sight of it kind of made Willy want to stick his head through the monitor and take that fat tip between his lips, tease it a little with his tongue. Yeah, that would be good – taste this stranger's salty pre-come, suck his dick until he started thrusting. Would Willy let a guy like this fuck his throat, no holds barred? *Hells yeah, for sure. Fuck away, BigStudly1. Fuck my goddamn throat with that big fat cock! Fuck it so I can't breathe!*

"Fuck yourself with something," Studly encouraged with a bit of a snarl. "Not just fingers. What else have you got?"

The question tore Willy from his fantasy of sucking that man's dick, but he didn't mind so much, not if it meant fucking himself in front of the guy. Tearing through the box at the bottom of his bookshelf, Willy pulled out his realistic dildo and also his slim red vibe.

Holding them up to the webcam, he asked Studly, "Which one?" Willy hated making decisions on his own. Plus, if Studly made the choice it was almost like taking orders from a stranger, and Willy definitely got off on commands.

"The red one," Studly said, holding up a black dildo for the camera. "Want to watch me sit on this while you ram yourself with that?"

"Fuck, yeah! Shove it up your ass." Willy didn't know how he was still standing at this point. Studly's black dildo was goddamn big, with a much greater girth than Willy's slim red one.

"You like watching guys get fucked up the ass?" It was almost a sneer, and it made Willy's dick slap against his palm.

"Hells yeah!" Willy squeezed his cock. This was so damn hot.

"You even like watching guys get fucked up the ass with a dildo?" Studly asked, an obvious taunt, but Willy loved the denigration. It made his insides burn.

"I love watching guys get ass-fucked by anything, man." Willy's hand shuttled up and down his erection. God, he'd never been so huge. "I can't wait to see you sit on that black fucking dildo. I want to see your asshole swallow that thing up."

This was getting good. Willy couldn't believe how soft he'd started out, and how

hard he'd gotten since. He watched the guy slather that fake black dick with lube and then set it on the chair beneath him. Once it was down there, he really couldn't see it any more because the lighting in Studly's room was just too dim, but Willy could feel the guy's pleasure by the look on his face.

Willy grabbed the lube from his toy box, squirted a big dollop on the head of the vibe and spread it all over his asshole before twisting the end to turn the thing on. "Fuck!" The vibrator buzzed against the tender flesh of his hole. He watched Studly easing down on the big black cock, both legs up on the chair now like Stud was straddling some guy. The squint of his eyes as he clutched his dick turned Willy on like crazy. So did the vibe.

Stroking his cock with renewed vigor, Willy pressed the contoured end of that buzzing boy toy into his ass. God, he was tight. He was so damn tight he wondered if his ass would reject even this relatively skinny vibe. For a moment, he had to stop stroking his cock and just concentrate on relaxing. He watched Studly on screen as the dude's ass devoured a big black cock, and that did the trick.

His hungry hole swallowed up the first inch, begging for more. Willy complied, shoving the red devil further into his asshole, still rubbing his dick with all his might. That toy was slick with lube, and now that it had forced its way past his ass ring it moved easily inside his body, hitting all the right places.

Every so often he glanced up at his computer screen to watch Studly jerking off, but at this point Willy was really more interested in his own pleasure. He squirted a bit of lube on his palm and stroked himself hot and fast, feeling every eager drizzle of clear pre-come against his fingers. It was hard to believe how big he'd gotten, length and girth, and how red and engorged his cockhead had become. The sight aroused him all over again. He got caught in a loop of seeing how huge he was and feeling more turned on, then seeing that arousal expressed physically and getting even more turned on than before.

"Yeah!" Studly was shouting. "Oh yeah, that's right!" He was bouncing on his big black dildo so hard Willy wondered if he'd break his chair. His hand was a blur on his dick, and though Willy couldn't see the jizz, there was no doubt in his mind about what was happening over there.

Willy considered himself a sympathetic orgasmic. If he saw another guy coming, he'd come, too. There was something about the look on Studly's face, the way he ground his teeth and clenched his jaw and squeezed his eyelids closed and yelped, that made Willy's balls clench. It was so damn sexy he just couldn't hold back. His ass cheeks clamped together so hard they held his lubed vibe in place, and it buzzed like a hive against his P-spot. Was it the pure sensation or the combination of factors that brought him to his knees? And did the reason even matter?

Willy rested his head back on the seat of his chair, gazing up at his computer screen. The vibrating base of his little red wonder struck the floor, and Willy managed to trap it in place between his feet. The position was a little awkward, but at this point he was so damn close that his position didn't matter. He bounced on the dildo, feeling its powerful vibrations as his ass ring clenched around it. Throwing his weight down on the fake cock, he cried out, "Fuck yeah, fuck yeah," and pounded his ready cock with his fist.

When Willy came, he came hard. Hot cream shot up high, splattering in white gushes against the underside of his desk. The spurts continued, falling short of the desk and landing warm against his thigh.

Letting the red vibe slide from his ass, Willy watched blissful Mr Studly on screen. He wondered how long it would take the guy to realize Willy was no longer in the shot – his webcam obviously couldn't capture his image when he was on the floor and half buried beneath his desk. It was a good minute before BigStudly1 squinted and asked, "Hey, where'd you go?"

Willy crawled up into his office chair and waved, feeling strangely juvenile.

"You come?" the guy asked.

"Yeah."

Studly exhaled hard, tossing one arm across his forehead. "Me, too."

Exhaustion spread over Willy like a warm blanket, and he didn't have the energy for any more pretense. "OK," he said. "Well, thanks, man. See you again, I guess."

He signed off in a daze, wondering if he'd ever see Studly again. At heart, Willy knew that when he made a real connection with another guy, it wouldn't be via webcam. He'd meet a man at school maybe, or even fall for someone he'd known all his life. He wasn't totally sure who it would be, not just yet, but Willy was convinced the future was live and in person.

# THREESUM

*Landon Dixon*

The sign in the corner of the greasy window read, MAN WANTED, ENQUIRE WITHIN.

I pushed the screen door open and walked the cracked tile up to the counter. “Who’s looking for a man?”

“Who isn’t?” the waitress snapped back, a big girl, wearing a tight tan top and skirt, too much perfume. She licked her lips, eyeing me like I was the lunch special.

“The Summers!” a guy yelled from the back, filling the food slot with his fat, florid face. “Out on Route 59. They’re lookin’ for somebody to do some repairs and landscaping, stay out there a while.” He regarded the waitress’s ample rear end with jealous eyes, growled, “Put it in gear, Beatrice.”

I thumbed a ride out on Montana 59. The old cowhand at the wheel told me the Summers were rich. I was broke, having just escaped a walnut farm in Idaho by the skin of my nuts, at the wrong end of an angry shotgun.

“Thanks for the lift,” I said, when we finally shuddered to a stop next to a dirt side road. I popped the door of the ’29 Ford pickup open. The truck wasn’t a restoration job, it was an original working model.

“Could you do somethin’ for me, young fella?” the cowboy asked, dropping a huge, sunburned paw onto my thigh. His red-veined eyes slid sideways to the frilly blue dress that hung on a hook in the rear window. He squeezed my thigh. “Would you try on my daughter’s dress? You look like you could fill it out just fine.”

“Maybe next Halloween,” I replied, leaping out of the truck and hightailing it up the dirt road.

The Summers’ house was a huge, three-story job painted a peeling yellow and green, fronted by Grecian columns and gabled up top colonial style. Weed-strewn farmland rolled off in every direction from the eccentric home. The place obviously needed work as badly as I did.

Kent and Connor responded to my very first knock. Kent was tanned a nut brown, slim, with shiny black hair and bedroom brown eyes, a snippy air about him. Connor was petite and plump and peppy, with green eyes and red hair and a freckle-dappled face. They were married.

“I heard you needed a man.”

They looked me over with open interest. I’m nothing too special, medium height and build, wide gray eyes and shaggy brown hair. But I’ve got a friendly face and an easy-going manner.

They chorused, “You’re hired!”

The first proposition came when I was cleaning the pool out back that afternoon. I was right inside the Olympic-proportioned dunk tank, making with a rake and a broom to gather up all the dry leaves and dirt at the bottom. Connor called to me from up top.

I climbed to the surface. And my fingers just about slipped off the metal rungs and sent me backsplashing down to the concrete when I saw him. The guy was stretched out on a lounge, naked. His ripe little body shone under the hot sun.

"Thirsty?" he asked, cupping his shaven balls and swollen cock. "Or hungry?" he added, flipping over and displaying his fine, fleshy ass.

I sort of grunted, my tongue a wooden block in the dust-bowl of my mouth, my body awash in perspiration. I glanced around. All the windows were curtained closed on the rear of the house.

So I stumbled forward, staring at the man's upraised butt. He rolled over again and reached up and grasped my swelling excitement through my jeans, giving my cock a warm squeeze.

"You're a hard, working man." He smiled.

I grunted and grinned nervously down at his beaming face.

He rubbed my jeaned dick with the palm of his hand, hotly caressing me out to my full, throbbing length under the denim. Then he swung his legs over the side of the lounge, his clean-cut cock bobbing.

"Let's just see how you really measure up for the job," he murmured, slowly, fondlingly drawing my zipper down.

My underwear had so many holes in it that my cock flopped right out into the open, right in front of my horny employer. He watched my smooth-skinned tool as it bounced up and twitched in front of him. His hot breath and warm eyes on my dick made my knees buckle, my cock surge hard as it's ever been.

"Oh, you'll do just fine," he breathed.

Then he grasped my dick, bare hand on bare shaft. I jerked at the heated, squeezing sensation. Connor slowly slid his hand down my shaft, little fingers loosed lightly, smooth palm gliding. Then he slid his pleasure-mitt all the way back up my pulsating pole.

"Mmm, yummy!" He cupped my hairy balls with his left hand, plugging my cockhead into his mouth with his right hand.

"Ho-boy!" I gulped, feeling the sensationally sensual impact of his soft lips and humid mouth right down to my knees.

The guy gazed up at me, gripping and squeezing, fondling my balls, groping his lips down my cock – over head and down shaft. Until he had gobbled up almost all of my member. I was submerged in his mouth, boiling with passion.

He proved a cocksucker extraordinaire, an oral expert. It felt like my body was melting under the hot sun, under his scorching sexual onslaught, as he moved his head back and forth, dragging his tongue, his lips, his mouth up and down my dick. Slowly, languorously, luxuriantly. Then vacating tight and quick and hard.

I burrowed my fingers into his red curls and his head flew in my hands, the sweet little guy giving head like a back-alley blow whore. The suction became so wickedly ferocious I thought he would tear my cock right out by the roots and swallow it down his throat.

But then he slowed up again, sucked even deeper, longer, more systematically.

Pre-come surged out of my slit and he gulped with obvious satisfaction. His fingers played with my balls, his mouth and throat intimately massaging my prick.

Then he popped me out, letting me hang, dripping and delirious. "Turn around, big boy," he husked. "Baby wants to eat 'im some ass."

I spun around so fast I slipped and almost took a header down into the pool. Connor was instantly all over my ass, running his hands over my quivering cheeks, shooting his tongue into my sensitive crack. I gripped my rod and tugged like a madman, reveling in the awesome caressing and crack-cleaning.

He pulled my buttocks apart and lapped up and down my wholly exposed bum cleavage. His hot, wet stroke was pure bliss. When he plugged his tongue into my butt hole, buzzing fantastic. I shivered in the sunshine, fisting my prick, getting tongued up the anus.

Until Connor yanked his licker out of my ass and scrambled back up onto the lounge, onto all fours. "Give it to *me* in the ass!" he hissed, wagging his mounded bottom at me, casting a furious glance at the house.

I followed his gaze. A curtain rustled in a third-floor window.

He thrust a tube of lube and condom into my hand before I could think twice. I sheathed and greased my gun, and he reached back and spread his butt cheeks, balancing on the lounge like a sexual gymnast.

Gripping one of his round hips, I took the plunge and dived headlong into his ass.

I sank deep into his heated chute. He gyrated against me, rutting with pleasure. I grasped his other hip and pumped mine, pistoning his bum with my cock. He bounced back against me, buttocks rippling deliciously as we banged together.

I slammed his ass faster and harder, the sexual pressure rapidly building to the blow-off point. I jerked, jolted by ecstasy, sperm pouring out of my cock in the gripping hot confines of his anus. Connor desperately tugged on his dick and quickly joined me in blistering orgasm, splattering the lounge, right out there under the big sky.

Later, when he was holding me close, playing with my cock, he said, "Kill him, and I'll pay you a sizable sum." He stared at me, his eyes glittering. "You can even stay here with me. I need a *real* man."

The second proposition came that night. I was in the second-story bathroom, fixing a gurgling toilet. When I came back out into the master bedroom, I found Kent stretched out on the platformed bed, naked.

I stared at his long, lean, sun-browned body, the long, hard cock in between his lithe legs. He was a smooth operator, chest and loins. "Do you like men, as well as boys?" He grinned, hefting his slab of meat.

"I don't discriminate," I croaked.

He gestured with his cock, and I crawled up onto the bed, in between his legs. He shivered when I clutched his handsome hard-on, shuddered when I stroked it.

"You're a handy man to have around," he murmured.

I dipped my head down and slid my lips over his tan hood, swallowed almost his entire golden shaft. He laced his slender fingers into my hair, and I bobbed my head up and down, urgently wet-vacating his delicious cock. He moved his hips in rhythm, bumping the back of my throat, gliding back and forth inside my mouth.

He let me get a real good taste of him, before he popped his dripping tool out of my mouth and spanked my tongue a couple of times.

“Suck on my balls,” he demanded.

I dove my head lower, deeper in between his legs, his lusty words my frenzied command. His balls were large and bald, and I buried my nose in them, getting a real good sniff. Then I snaked out my tongue and cradled the heavy pair on my lapper, looking up the guy’s cock into his handsome face.

“That’s the stuff, baby,” he moaned.

I swirled my tongue around one nut, the other, exhilarated at how his sac tightened with pleasure under my wet stroke, his cock spearing up into the air. I licked at the seam splitting his scrotum down the middle, then sucked his balls right into my mouth.

He bucked on the bed, cock jumping.

I tugged on his sac with my lips, basting it in my mouth, swatting his balls with my tongue. His scent was musky, but perfumed as well. I sucked his balls up tight and pushed my tongue out and down, licking the smooth, sensitive skin that led to his asshole.

He got my meaning, and direction, and raised his hips up off the bed. I instantly spat out his sac and slithered my tongue lower, squirming it in between his clenched butt cheeks. He arched up higher, straining on his elbows, trying to loosen his clutched buttocks so I could really squeeze my tongue in, lick his smooth crack.

He was successful to a degree, and I helped him out by sliding my hands in and cradling his cheeks, lifting him higher off the bed. My tongue went in deeper, filling his bum cleavage with writhing warmth and wetness. His whole beautiful body shook in the strenuous, suspended position, cock jutting straight up into the air.

I dug my thumbs into the taut flesh of his buttocks and pulled them apart, found his asshole with the tip of my tongue and teased it, swirled all around the wrinkled pucker. He tilted his head back and moaned. I swarmed as much of my mouth-organ into his anus as I could, pushing through his tight ass-ring and going maybe an inch deep.

He collapsed down onto the bed, unable to take the strain anymore. I pulled my tongue and head back just in the nick of time.

I swallowed his sac again, sucked on it. Then let it spill out of my mouth all wet and shiny and licked my way over his balls and up onto the base of his cock. He gripped his dick, smacked my forehead and nose with the impressive appendage.

“You were a naughty young man this afternoon,” he said, pouting, from above his towering erection. “Now I’m going to fuck you like you fucked my spouse!”

I was the one on all fours now, on the bed, my jeans and jockeys bunched down at my knees, Kent in behind. He slapped my pale round cheeks with his cock, then condomed and coated his dick with lube, rubbed my crack good and slippery with his hood. Then pressed into my pucker.

We both grunted, as he popped through my ring and slowly sank into my anus. He filled my ass like he’d filled my face. Only he pumped plenty harder.

The bed groaned like the heated pair of us, Kent’s thighs smacking against my butt cheeks, his cock churning my chute, swelling my ass and my body and brain with wonderful sensation. But even with all the erotic music to my burning ears, I still heard the bedroom door creak open a crack.

Kent pumped up the pressure on my anus even more, however, and I grabbed onto my flapping cock and urgently stroked. It took only a couple of hand wrings, and I

was jacking all over the bedspread, Kent banging me, blazing back and forth, blowing out his own balls in my convulsing chute.

“I’ll pay you a large sum of money to kill him,” he sang sweetly to me later on, holding me close to his softened cock. “Then you and I can live here all by ourselves, if you want. I need a *real* man.”

I liked the come-ons, the initial pay-offs, but the conditions attached were way too steep for the likes of me. Especially when I spotted what looked like a skeleton in the dry well out back. Another hard-up loner who’d come, and then was gone?

I didn’t know and I didn’t care. A situation’s only as good as the sum of its parts, and when some of those parts are screwy, it’s time to resituate yourself.

Two boys in a muscle car answered my thumb out on Route 59.

They were twins, born and bred in the country, with bowl haircuts and bibbed overalls. They turned and looked at me in the back seat, angelic smiles on their pretty faces. “Strap yourself in, stranger,” they chimed. “It’s bound to be a bumpy ride.”

# THE ART OF STORMY SEX

*Julian Benedict*

For the third time this month Carter Bayne woke panting, his body shuddering, his dick jerking with the hot, wet spasms of a powerful orgasm. With his heart pounding, he lay there fumbling with his softening cock, listening to rumbling thunder and rain pounding the roof. From behind the lace curtains, hectic flashes of diffused lightning sporadically illumined the room. Carter worked four days a week at Bella's Book Haven – with a BA in Art History, no less. Happily dozing, he remembered that today began his three-day weekend.

Crap! He had said he would sit for their artist renter this morning. But the lighting in his studio would be poor. Surely he wouldn't expect Carter to sit for him today. This would be the third sitting and the stress of being in such close quarters with that incredibly sexy hunk was just about more than Carter could stand.

The man who was driving him mad with unrequited lust had a few months ago rented the apartment over his mother's detached garage. He told her he liked the double doors, and he especially liked the skylights. He was a professional artist and this was exactly what he was looking for.

Carter had seen him outside a few times when he was sunning by the pool and, as unsettling as he found the man to be, he mustered the courage to invite him to use the pool anytime he liked. With barely a cursory glance, the man had blown him off with an all but incoherent remark about being too busy.

He was more affable with Carter's mother, who was expressly fond of him. He'd even invited her up to see his paintings. "He's amazing," she said, and enthusiastically proclaimed his work comparable to the old Italian masters.

In his late twenties or early thirties, he was the hottest-looking man Carter had ever seen. He was lean, dark, with untamable ringlets tumbled on his menacing brow. That sensual mouth Carter couldn't stop fantasizing about, and those shocking, brooding eyes intimidated the hell out of him.

One day when Carter had come home from work his mother told him that Kane – that was his name, Kane Harcourt – had asked her if she thought Carter would consider sitting for him. He had great bone structure, Kane said, and he wanted to paint him. After several days of panic attacks and mental torture Carter had decided he would. His first sitting would be the following Saturday afternoon.

For hours Carter had agonized over what to wear and worried that he should have gotten a haircut. His gold-flecked chestnut hair was shoulder length and loosely curly. He was into Gothic and always wore black eyeliner. After giving up on trying

to tame his hair, he had finally climbed those stairs to the apartment and rung the doorbell. Opening the door, Kane motioned him in and perused him with a disapproving scowl.

“Go in the bathroom and wash that black shit off your eyes,” he’d said, utterly devoid of tact, yet his voice was throaty, in perfect harmony with his overall sensuality.

“But . . .”

“Carter, no buts, just do it.” The man said his name as though he knew him much better than he should have. Probably thanks to Carter’s mother. He’s an insufferable peasant, Carter thought. He knows it and doesn’t give a damn. “Oh, and brush that hairspray out of your hair.”

When he came back, Kane gestured for him to lounge on a brocade swooning couch he said he had rented for this painting, then walked around behind him and unceremoniously combed his fingers through Carter’s wavy hair. Pensively, Kane lifted it off his neck and let it drop however it would. Moving around in front of the young man, he stared at him as though he were an inanimate object, cocking his head to one side. “That’s better,” he murmured, as though to himself.

The man’s hands on the nape of Carter’s neck, fingers combing through his thick hair, had sent Carter’s body into a sexual frenzy. Damn it! This man whose very touch had Carter’s cock twitching and shivers racing through him was starting to piss him off. “Are you trying to make me look like I just crawled out of bed?” he said with scathing sarcasm.

“Precisely,” Kane said, unperturbed by Carter’s annoyance.

Carter’s eyes had been drawn to the dozens of paintings in all sizes hanging from and leaning against the walls. He was trying to keep his eyes off Kane, trying to keep his unruly dick from swelling out of control. But it was already too late for that. Yet he was stunned at the level of this man’s talent. These were incredible, possibly masterpieces, and they were, as his mother said, the ilk of the Italian masters.

During the second sitting, Kane had brought out a mauve-colored silk fabric and held it against his face. “Go take off your clothes and wrap this around you,” he said, in the same tone as he had told him to remove his eyeliner.

Carter was stunned. “You want me naked!” he blurted.

“Carter, do you know anything about art? Don’t tell me how to do my job.”

Holy shit. Carter could just see himself sprawled on that couch with nothing on but that silk thing draped over him and his cock making a tent in the cloth.

With an irritated twist of his edible mouth, Kane’s eyes rolled back toward the ceiling.

“All right then, Carter, would you please go back to your house and put on your swimsuit. I know you have one – I’ve seen you in it – and come back?”

Carter decided he could make that concession. The tight swimsuit would at least keep his dick confined. There ought to be a law against straight men looking that hot.

That had been last week. Sitting there feeling like a bug under a microscope as the man painted feverishly, those hypnotic eyes closely probing Carter, had been unbearable. He had been in a state of constant feverish agitation, his face and chest flushed, his confined prick throbbing, and he was sure the man could see it. There were times when Carter could have sworn Kane was agitated as well, that he was caressing Carter with those luminous eyes, imagining doing wicked things to him.

That had to be wishful thinking.

The weather report called for heavy rain the next two days. Carter lay in bed feeling intense relief until the phone rang and Kane informed him that this was exactly the light he wanted for this stage of the piece. "Get over here," he said. Damn!

When he arrived Kane had at least two dozen fat candles casting flickering light around the room. When he struck his pose on the couch, Kane stared at him for an uncomfortably long moment, then said, "Carter, this isn't working. You have to remove those Speedos. It's an unnatural look under the silk."

By now Carter had accepted that the man was an eccentric perfectionist and there was no use in trying to argue with him, but this last concession made him so nervous his stomach was churning. He went to the bathroom, removed his Speedos and wrapped the silk back around him. Shit, his damn dick just refused to behave. It was determined to stand at half-mast in a constant state of arousal.

After Kane carefully arranged the thin silk covering over him the way he wanted it, Carter looked down and could see the soft impression of his cockhead raised beneath the silk and he knew that was exactly the effect the artist wanted. The realization that the man was looking at him down there, seeing that he was half hard, caused his dick to become even more pronounced and Carter blushed, a shiver running through him.

Kane smiled. "Perfect," he whispered.

This sitting was much longer than the others and all Carter wanted to do was get out of there so he could get back to his own bathroom and jack off. He was miserable.

Kane could see it. "I'm almost finished," he said. "That's why this is taking so long." There was something softer, gentler in his tone.

"You sounded almost human just then," Carter said.

Something about that remark triggered something in the man. Carter saw it. The expression of his eyes had changed from intense to blatantly fierce. He was staring at Carter but his hand was not moving. That stormy expression was scaring him.

"Human, is that what you want?" His voice was low, almost a hiss, and there was something almost like madness in his eyes. "Is that what you want, Carter?"

The way Kane was looking at him was playing hell with his already out-of-control libido. Shock waves were racing down his spine, heat swelling in his groin. He was suddenly inundated with such an appalling desire that his cock was as hard as a brick. The hot, consuming passion in his groin, the tingling of every cell in his body, had him on the verge of whimpering.

Without seeming to move, Kane instantly had Carter in his arms, gathering his hair up in his hands, pulling the young man to him. "Is this what you want, Carter?" His voice was a hoarse, raucous murmur and then his mouth was crushing Carter's, devouring him, pushing against him, his tongue opening Carter's mouth like a ripe fruit, and Carter was sliding from the couch, going down on the carpet, weak with a starving need.

Kane had ripped the silk away and was tugging at Carter's stiff little nipples, sucking, biting, groaning with pleasure. And Carter was on fire.

"My God, what's happening?" Carter's voice was a hoarse gush, his breath rasping. That was a stupid question. He knew what was happening, for Chrissake. He

just didn't understand him.

"I'm about to fuck the shit out of you; that's what's happening," he breathed into Carter's mouth. He slid his hand down to Carter's throbbing cock and wrapped his fingers around it, squeezing.

Oh God! Ravenous hunger and agonizing heat were washing over Carter in waves. His cock, rigid and aching, was leaking and an orgasm was building in his groin. "Oh Christ, I'm going to come," he whimpered, humping Kane's hand.

"Don't you dare come," Kane growled. "Not yet."

Accustomed to surrendering to Kane's commands, Carter whimpered, really trying. "Please, Kane," he pleaded. "I don't think I can hold it."

"Well, aren't you a little firecracker. Just a little longer, baby," Kane whispered, pushing Carter flat down on the carpet. He was biting, licking and nibbling down Carter's smooth chest, his finely muscled abdomen. "You are so beautiful," he whispered. His hot breath was bathing the curly pubic curls around Carter's engorged cock. "Nice cock," he said, and in an instant his hot mouth had slid over the velvety crown, sucking it in, then his lips moved down the slender shaft, as he sucked hard with the flat of his tongue.

Carter screamed. "Oh! Oh shit! Oh!" There was no stopping it. His whole body shuddered with release as he shot gush upon gush of hot spunk down Kane's throat.

With a happy moan, the man sucked hard, draining him. Then with a raucous gasp the man stiffened as he gripped Carter's little bubble ass, making harsh, guttural noises. With a fulfilled sigh, he continued to suck lightly and lick, bringing Carter down gently, giving him the most from an orgasm that had practically blown the top off Carter's head off. "Now we can take our time and do this right," he whispered.

"What about you?" Carter asked.

"I came when you did," he murmured. "But I'm still going to fuck you. That orgasm was just to take the edge off. I've wanted you for so long, and I can't wait any longer. Are you a virgin, Carter?" His voice was hoarse and throaty. It made Carter's cock jerk.

"Sort of," he squeaked. He was trembling.

"You've played with toys but you've never had a man inside you." Kane's eyes were locked into his, the desire palpable.

Carter could feel his cock filling again. He was afraid, and excited and wanting. "No," he whispered.

Leaping to his feet, Kane said, "Don't move," and he disappeared into the bathroom. Reappearing, he unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down, kicked them to the side. There was no underwear and his amazing cock was stiff and standing straight against his flat belly. He dropped to his knees and shoved Carter's legs apart, his dark eyes ablaze with lust. At the sight of that long, thick cock, Carter felt faint and already his cock was coming alive again. Kane squirted something into his hand and opened Carter's crack, rubbing it gently. The sensations had Carter's cock jerking and throbbing. All the time, Kane was looking down at him, those compelling eyes locked into his. He leaned forward, his mouth finding Carter's soft lips, planting a lingering, deep kiss that made Carter light-headed. "You want me to fuck you, baby?" Kane murmured, his voice hoarse with desire.

"Oh, God, yes!" Carter cried, then added, "I'm scared."

"Don't be afraid, baby. I'm going to be gentle, and I promise you, it won't hurt for

long.”

Feeling a slick finger slide into him, Carter cried out with excitement, instantly feeling a delicious stimulation. Kane working it in deeper before adding a second greased finger, sliding them in deep, then out and in again, meticulously lubricating him. Then, working a finger around inside him, Kane found his sweet spot and Carter cried out, pushing hard against Kane’s hand. “Oh, Jesus, don’t stop.”

“You’ll like my cock better,” Kane whispered, sliding his fingers out.

“No!” Carter cried, feeling the emptiness.

“Shhh,” Kane whispered. Kane opened him wider, slipping his arms under Carter’s knees and pressing them up to his chest. Kane lined his rigid cock up with Carter’s hole, applying moderate pressure. Carter moaned and pushed up. Kane’s hips pushed harder and the head of his stiff cock gained entrance. “Now, it’s only going to hurt for a minute,” Kane said, his voice husky, like a growl. Kane’s need had him trembling. He had jerked off fantasizing about this young man, and now he was penetrating him. “Oh, Christ!” His cock ached. He pushed harder, feeling his cock push past that little ring of muscle. It was so hot and tight. Holy shit! “It’s all right, baby. It’s going to get better now,” he crooned, pushing gently forward in one smooth motion. Carter was making all kinds of little moaning, whimpering noises, part pain, part ecstasy. Kane slid his hands beneath Carter’s round little ass, gripping it tightly to him as he continued to push in. Oh, God, this was good! If he didn’t take care he wasn’t going to last long. When the base of his long shaft was jammed against Carter’s little ass, he leaned down and kissed him hungrily. “Are you all right, baby?”

Squished between them, Carter’s cock was hard and leaking, his groin radiating heat, his spine tingling. His only reply was a little whimpering, “Uh-huh.” With his feet braced on the carpet he was humping up, trying to fuck Kane’s big cock.

“Take it easy, baby,” Kane whispered, as he slowly began to thrust into him. It was smooth and hot, Carter’s anal muscles spasming with need.

“Please, harder,” Carter quaked. “So good.” His body was shuddering as he pushed up to meet Kane’s thrusting hips. The orgasm that was gathering in his groin was screaming for release and Carter was struggling to bring it to completion.

“Calm down, baby,” Kane whispered, as he worked to establish their rhythm. “Now, that’s better.” He was thrusting into Kane with smooth, deep strokes, but tingling heat was gathering at the base of his spine and his balls were tightening, gearing up for his own insistent orgasm. “Oh fuck,” he growled. He wasn’t going to be able to slow this down. “Oh holy shit!” He grabbed Carter’s rigid cock and jacked it in time to the speeding rhythm. “Look at me, Carter! Come for me, baby!” he yelled, and Carter’s eyes flew open wide, caught Kane’s gaze, and he instantly shot hard, screaming.

“Oh, sweet Jesus!” Kane hissed, the mindless rapture on Carter’s face making him lose all control. Slamming deep into Carter, his body arched as his fiery climax raced through his spine. Hot spunk shot through his hiccupping cock, filling the condom deep in Carter’s belly. “Jesus Christ!” he gasped, going limp on top of a practically comatose Carter.

After a long time of quietly recovering, Carter murmured, “Should I get dressed and go now?”

Kane chuckled, listening to the rain beating on the roof. Leaping to his slender

feet, he scooped Kane up in his strong arms. “No way, luscious! I’ve just begun to fuck! And if I’m going to fuck you all weekend it’s going to be in bed.”

Kane jerked the door open and yelled, “Get in here!” over the loud drumming of the rain on the roof. “Shit, Carter, don’t stand out there in the rain and knock when the door is unlocked. Look at you, you’re soaked.”

Looking sheepish, Carter came in, took his jacket off and hung it on the coat rack by the door. Shaking his head, he slung water out of his glistening hair. “Wonder when it’s ever going to stop raining.”

“I’m not complaining,” Kane said, his intense gaze locking into Carter’s eyes. “Makes for good fucking.” Carter’s cock jerked. Damn. The very sight of that man drove him crazy. “I do have something to talk to you about, though.” Kane took his wallet from his back pocket. “I have some money for you. I sold the painting at the exhibit.”

Carter looked taken aback. “Money? For me? I didn’t know I was getting paid.” Kane handed him a roll of bills, and Carter stared at it, flabbergasted.

“And I didn’t know I was going to sell the thing for a small fortune. It really wasn’t for sale, but this guy was pretty persuasive. He was determined to have it at any cost. What you have there is fifteen percent. It’s considerably more than models get paid.”

“Jesus!” Carter was still standing there, staring at the wad of money in his hand, his eyes wide.

“That’s not all,” Kane said. “This guy’s an art dealer down from Boston. Name’s Victor Bormann. He wants to commission me to do two more to make a set: one with you asleep, another showing you dreamily aroused. He appears to be fixated on you, love. He was asking all kinds of questions about the model. Wants to meet you.” Kane grinned.

“Is he scary?” The guy sounded sort of weird.

“Scary? Actually, the man is damn good-looking. He’s older, maybe late thirties or a little older, tall, lean, artistic hands, perfectly manicured nails, meticulous dresser. Would you like to meet him?”

“Sure.”

“Good, because he’s invited us up to his hotel suite for drinks . . . and possibly something else, so I’ll give you a little time to think about it if you like.”

“No, that’s all right. As long as you’re there I’m not concerned.”

“Well, there’s no way you’ll have to do anything you don’t want to, babe. I promise you that.” Kane smiled, his rare, but so damn sexy smile. “Meanwhile, why don’t we get you out of those wet clothes and into my warm bed?” he whispered, pulling Carter up to him and planting a hot, wet kiss. Carter melted into him.

This was a treat for Carter. The hotel suite was plush, with French doors leading out to a balcony where it was, as usual, raining. Victor had ordered up an assortment of fresh fruit, a variety of fancy cheeses Carter didn’t know the names of and champagne. He offered to get them something else if the champagne was not to their taste.

The man couldn’t take his eyes off Carter. He was a perfect gentleman, Carter thought, and, Jesus, he was hot as hell! Well, not as hot as Kane, but close, and that

he was obviously burning for Carter was a real turn-on. He had dark hair, penetrating dark-blue eyes, a straight nose and sexy mouth. There were hints of silver at his temples. His body under his perfectly fitting slacks and silk shirt looked like it would be really fine. Kane smiled at Carter and winked.

Victor walked over to Carter and handed him his refill of champagne. "I don't play word games very well, Carter, so I am going to get right to the point. When I saw your portrait I couldn't believe that the model who posed for it could possibly look like that, but Kane assured me you did. And you do. You are one unbelievably beautiful young man. I've never met one who appealed to me more. I am commissioning Kane to do two more portraits of you if you will be kind enough to pose for them. But, baby, I think I feel a powerful chemistry between us and, God, I want you so much I hurt. If I could have you just once, it would endow those portraits with such a depth of meaning!"

Carter's hand came up and touched Victor's face. "You didn't imagine the attraction."

Kane leaned down and whispered in his ear. "You won't be sorry. He's damn good. I've already tested him out for you."

Shit! That surprised Carter, and he felt a sudden strong twinge of jealousy. It also helped him solidify his decision to "test him out" for himself. "I want you too," he murmured, "but I would like Kane to oversee this, if you don't mind."

"Of course, love. Whatever you want." Victor pulled Carter to him and placed the gentlest, softest kiss on his mouth. Carter could feel the man's heart pounding against his chest. Carter realized that he too was shivering with excitement. Victor led him to the bedroom, to the huge, luxurious bed. Kane followed and slid down into a wing-backed chair.

Victor began to undress him and all the time his eyes were locked into Carter's. By the time he slid Carter's trousers down, Carter's slender cock was rock hard. Looking down at it, Victor groaned, "Oh Holy Mother!" and dropped to his knees. His hot breath bathing Carter's pubic hair, Victor was licking and nibbling Carter's rigid shaft, cuddling his balls in both hands, rolling them gently, and soon Carter was crying out, "Please!"

"Please what, love? You want me to suck you, to drink the sweet nectar from that luscious vessel?"

"Yes, please," Carter hissed. His knees were shaking. Suddenly, his cockhead was being sucked into Victor's voracious mouth, the suction strong as he slid his lips up and down the shaft. Carter thought he was going to faint as little tingling shocks inundated his body, blissful heat swelling in his groin. From the corner of his eye, he could see Kane watching, wide-eyed. He wasn't smiling anymore. His slacks were unzipped and he was jacking his big engorged cock.

"I have to lie down," Carter whimpered. "I'm going to pass out."

Pulling off Carter's cock, Victor whispered, "Of course, love." He swept him up in his arms and placed him on the bed. Carter watched Victor hastily undress, letting his clothes land where they may. Shit, the man was gorgeous, his long, straight cock almost as big as Kane's. It was oozing little clear pearls.

In an instant, he was beside Carter. "I want your come," he growled, "and I'm going to suck it out of you, make you give it up."

Goddamn, the man was sexy! Carter's rigid cock was sucked hard back into

Victor's mouth, his tongue flat against Carter's shaft, the suction powerful as Victor took him down into his throat. Carter was whimpering, pushing into Victor's mouth. Victor held the base of Carter's cock up in one hand, his balls cupped in the other, stimulating Carter toward an abundant release of his sweet spunk as he sucked.

Carter's head was spinning, his eyes unfocused, and his entire body was on fire with his gathering orgasm. Somebody was screaming as Carter stiffened and violent spasms of come squirted through his cock into Victor's greedy mouth. Screaming, sobbing . . . as waves of ecstasy continued to envelope him. Carter lay there gasping, as Victor lightly sucked, licked and cleaned up the last drop. Jesus Christ! Carter had felt like his body was going to spontaneously combust!

"That come was the best I ever tasted," Victor whispered. "It made me shoot all over myself." He slid up to Carter and took him in a fervent kiss. The man was already stroking Carter's cock again, gently teasing it, sliding his thumb lightly across the slit.

Carter was as weak as a kitten. His eyes wandered to Kane, and he was shocked to see that Kane's head was thrown back, and he was jacking his big cock hard and fast in the last stage before ejaculation. Carter watched wide-eyed as Kane shot, great squirts of come, as raucous groaning sounds escaped him. It was so hot that Carter felt his own cock start to fill again with Victor's manipulations.

"I can't wait to bury my cock deep in your beautiful little ass," Victor whispered, making Carter's prick jerk. "Ah, you liked that. Good," he murmured, "because now that I've calmed us both down a little, I'm going to fuck you senseless!"

"Oh, God," Carter moaned, feeling the man's words shoot straight to his cock.

Victor was kissing and nipping with his teeth at Carter's throat. He had reached under a pillow and was opening lube with one hand. Carter automatically spread his legs. "Very good," Victor whispered, his greased fingers sliding over Carter's little crack. Victor's finger slid in, working around, and sensations shot through Carter, making him squirm. A second finger entered, pushing in, the fingers scissoring out, working deeper. When they touched Carter's sweet spot, he cried out, pushing up. Victor smiled, continued to work in deep and out, greasing him liberally. The man's breathing was harsh like he was deeply aroused. Then Carter heard the rip of a condom package and a guttural groan as Victor lifted his ass and turned him over, pulling him up on his knees. "Now I'm going to ride you like a bronco," he growled, pulling Carter's hips up to him.

Immediately Carter felt the hard rod pushing into him. The man's dirty talk had Carter practically climbing the walls. He could see Kane, and the wild expression on the man's face was unreadable, but he had started to masturbate again, his eyes large and staring.

Victor was pushing in deep, making grunting sounds, and Carter was so hot and wanting. "Fuck me deep," he pleaded, squirming and pushing onto Victor's cock.

"Oh, yes," Victor growled, starting to thrust hard and deep. Quickly finding a rhythm, he settled into some serious fucking and it felt so damn good Carter felt he could be fucked like this forever. "Oh God oh God oh God . . ." he heard himself gasping. Victor was babbling too, and all Carter could make out was a hot, dirty word here and there, enough to make him totally crazy. He had grabbed his stiff cock and was jacking it, but not too hard. He was at the perfect spot where there was wave after wave of sheer rapture, and he was struggling not to reach orgasm anytime soon.

“Good, baby?” Victor growled in his ear, never breaking his rhythm.

“Oh, God, it’s so good I can’t stand it.” Carter sobbed. “I’m trying hard not to come.”

“You keep that thought, sweetheart,” Victor murmured. “I think I’m in heaven and I’m fucking an angel, so I’m going to make it last as long as I can.” With that, he went back to thrusting hard and deep, his pulsing cock sliding smoothly in and out and in again, fucking that hot, tight hole. “Oh, sweet Jesus,” he groaned, not letting himself go too fast, keeping the tempo at a pace that wouldn’t let his pending orgasm burst out of control.

For a long time, they continued this way, but the intensity was slowly building to an explosive climax for them both, and they wouldn’t be able to postpone it much longer. They were like two wild animals fucking with completely mindless abandon. This man was the most goddamn sensual, earthy bastard Carter had ever imagined. He was probably born with his hand jerking his dick. Carter’s pleasure was suddenly cresting with such intensity he thought, Oh, fuck! He screamed, his climax coming in fiery shock waves, consuming him, and his hot spunk was pumping through his cock, shooting hard.

“Goddamnit,” Victor howled, fucking Carter so hard and fast he was jamming him against the headboard. With one final slam, he arched and stiffened, his nails digging into Carter’s ass. A breathy, guttural sound, like a loud, involuntary shudder, escaped him, and his cock jerked deep in Carter’s belly, filling the condom.

As the man’s orgasm waned, his heavy breathing slowed and he dropped down on Carter, his face buried in the young man’s hair. For a long time he lay there, his breathing becoming slow and deep. “Best fuck I ever had. Glad I’ll have your portraits to drool over when I beat off,” he muttered, with a soft chuckle.

Carter felt an abrupt twinge of guilt. He had forgotten about Kane. He looked up at him and Kane was sitting there quietly, his pants zipped up. Their eyes met, and there was something there, something that made the twinge of guilt twist in his gut. Damn.

They drove home in silence, Kane eerily quiet.

Finally, Carter broke the silence. “Will you talk to me?”

“Yeah,” Kane muttered. “You better have enjoyed that because it’s never happening again.”

“It won’t,” Carter said, hardly believing how happy Kane’s words made him.

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